



Black Eyed Children



black-eyed

children

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Chapter 1 by Neolillz

Knock Knock Knock

I rolled my eyes and slowly made my way to the front door. I looked through the peep-hole and glanced outside. To my surprised I saw a young child standing at my door.

It wasn't unusual for the area that I lived in but something was different about this child. Her face was completely unemotional and she looked rugged. Her hair was messy and knotted and her clothes were torn.

"Can I help you?" I said.

She looked up at me and that was when I realised what was truly wrong with her. Her eyes were black. Not in eye colour but the entire eyeball was a pure black colour.

"Is it food time... Can I come in?" She replied.

Chapter 2 by Misanthrope

Naturally I was a little wary, am I just imagining this? Has it been that hard of a day?

"Where are you from, do you live nearby?" I said, trying to buy time.

"I am really quite hungry sir, may I come in?" she said.

Now I am just feeling very creeped out, and I am not even sure I don't feel foolish to feel afraid of a young child. And I feel stupid that my own fear is far greater than my compassion for her.

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How can I make her go away without being too harsh?

"I'm sorry, I actually don't have any food in the house at this time, perhaps some other time?"

"Please mister, I'm really hungry" she said.

Maybe I could send her to the neighbors? No, no what is wrong with me? Why am I freaking out? I'll let her in for just a moment, maybe she can eat on the porch.

"OK, I'll find what I can in the fridge and bring something out for you, just wait there."

Chapter 3 by Logan Henrie



Still disturbed by her eyes, I hurried to heat up last night's leftovers in the hopes that it would satisfy her. As I retrieved the meal from the microwave, I walked back to the front door and was about to hand the meal to the child, until she asked if she could come inside.

Now I don't want to be super judgmental about this child, but something about her eyes disturbed me greatly.

"Do you think you could just eat it outside please?"

"Please no sir, it's very cold out here."

She gave me this pleading look which only disturbed me further. I realized I didn't have much of a choice here. As much as I wanted to hand her the plate and send her on her merry way, my kind heart got in the way.

"Fine, I guess." I said reluctantly.

"Thank you so very much sir. You're very kind."

I opened the door wider to allow her in, albeit slowly. But the instant she crossed the threshold, I realized I had just made a major mistake.

Chapter 4 by Brad



As I shut the front door warily, she continued through the house as if she had been there before. I followed her to the dining room where she slid a chair out and sat down. She placed

the warm meal on the table and looked around. I realized that I had not given her a fork and proceeded to go to the kitchen to get one. As I walked to the dining room, the little girl was gone. I frantically looked around the room, but she was nowhere to be found. I eventually found her, she was sitting on the floor, looking up at the ceiling. She had tied a long length of rope to the ceiling fan and created a noose. She seemed to be contemplating jumping.

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sprinted over to her, praying that I got there in time, but I didn't. At that moment, she jumped and I heard the sickening crack of her neck snapping. She let out a piercing scream and then her tiny head rolled to the side, her body hanging lifeless in my large family room.

A week later, I was in court being prosecuted for first degree murder. I was completely confused. I could not have been more traumatized. I did not have the money to pay a lawyer, so I had to back up my case alone. Because, there was no evidence that I hadn't committed the crime, I was later, put in jail for a sentence of 25 years, where I later died. How I am telling this story, the world may never know. I am sworn to secrecy, and wouldn't tell you even if I was allowed. I am glad I am dead, because I have been scrutinized and judged for a crime I never committed.

Chapter 5 by John Stuckey



The only time I left my cell when I was still alive was for the black eyed child's funeral. She had no family or friends just herself all alone for her whole life. I was the only one there besides two guards making sure I did not do something stupid. Since no one really knew her no one wanted to bury her, Just burn her body and leave me to rot in jail. I slowly walked up to the dead body of the child. Her eyes were still open.

A tear fell off my cheek "wrap it up" one of the guards said. She still wore the rugged close she wore the night she showed up at my house. Then she blinked. I swear she did. I was in total shock. then she whispered words to me I will never forget.

"I only ever had two friends darkness and silence I thought I saw a star but all it was was death." She muttered.

Then all signs of life in her faded. "Time to go" the other guard said. I was crying and weeping. Wondering why that child came to my door in first place all I knew was something was not right.

I returned to my cell crying and screaming I did not kill her. I did not sleep for days at least if I did

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"KILL ME" I pleaded. Then he pulled the trigger. All I saw was darkness and the black eyed child showed up. There was darkness and silence. "Now I can live where I belong" she said "in the dark and alone and quiet."

Chapter 6 by Brad



When I came to, I only saw white. I looked around and saw nothing...Except...what was that? it seemed to be a small figure, walking towards me. I realized that it was the little girl. I screamed, but I couldn't move. She came closer, and she began to laugh. It wasn't the cute laugh that comes from a little girl. It sounded gross. She stumbled and I stopped screaming to smile. When she got up, she began to cough, but blood poured from her mouth. I started screaming again but this time I could run. All of the sudden, another black-eyed girl appeared. And another. And another. They surrounded me. I realized that the first girl was never alive, because I now had black eyes. She had been killed by other black eyed kids.

Chapter 7 by Chronus



....My old life became a dream. A miniature part of my new life. But the memories are still there, hidden deep inside. I am now the new death. Roaming till I find another. Another suitable to replace me. When it comes I will be free, together with darkness and silence. Free from this torture of life.

And now, I have finally found you. The person I've been waiting for. You will now become me, the new black- eyed child. I will finally be free. Free.

Chapter 8 by DANDAN THE DANDAN ~ anyone still remember me?



"No." I sob. "I didn't do anything wrong..."

"NEITHER DID I!!" The figure screamed in agony. I was on the floor, curled up in layers of rope and chains, pushing away with my little legs only to get an inch further from him, but to no avail.

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It took him very little effort to break through my defenses. He reached out with his stretched neck, coal black eyes staring into my soul.

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"Please, let me go. I'm only a child."

Crack! There goes my neck.

This is a loop, a loop that will never rid itself until someone is willing to sacrifice their soul to the devil.

This is a viscous cycle, of revenge, of greed, of a sin that cannot be forgiven.

I must close that loop, and that is why, I trust **you** to tell my story, to conceive of my past.

Tell the world the truth, whether they believe it or not. Please, it is my final wish.

Goodbye.

the end

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